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SAVED BY AN ALBATROSS.

Some years ago there lived in a cottage on the outskirts of Liverpool an aged pensioner who had been a soldier in the time of the great war. He had gone down to that place to be near a daughter who was the wife of a sailor, the chief mate of a merchant ship. The sailor used to bring home curious things from foreign lands for his wife and children, shells and birds and various treasures. Old Joseph, the grandfather, would never rest satisfied till his son-in-law promised to bring him an albatross, dead or alive. It was a long time before this wish could be gratified. To kill an albatross is an affair of evil omen among seamen, and this superstition is universal among people who never heard of Coleridge and His Ancient Mariner. Old Joe was so importunate and so persistent in his demand that at last his son-in-law brought home an albatross. He never said how he got it, whether it was shot or bought or what; but there it was in the old soldier's possession, and was soon stuffed and mounted and formed the chief pleasure and ornament of the pensioner's little room.

It was not till the bird had been for some time in the house that old Joe told to his daughter and his grandchildren the reason for his special desire to possess an albatross. And this was the substance of the story as he told it to them. He was on board a ship of war near the Cape of Good Hope in the time of the war. He had committed some fault, the exact nature of which he did not state, but it was of so heinous a kind, or an example was so much needed to keep up strictness of discipline, that he was ordered a hundred lashes. Lashed to the mast with his shoulders bare, he was exposed to this terrible chastisement, two men keeping up the strokes even when his torn back and shoulders were streaming with blood.

In that fearful hour Joseph forgot all that a kind, pious mother had taught him as he knelt beside her in his early years. She had told him always to lift his heart in prayer to God, especially when in danger and suffering, and most of all when he fell into temptation and sin, as must have been his case at the present time.

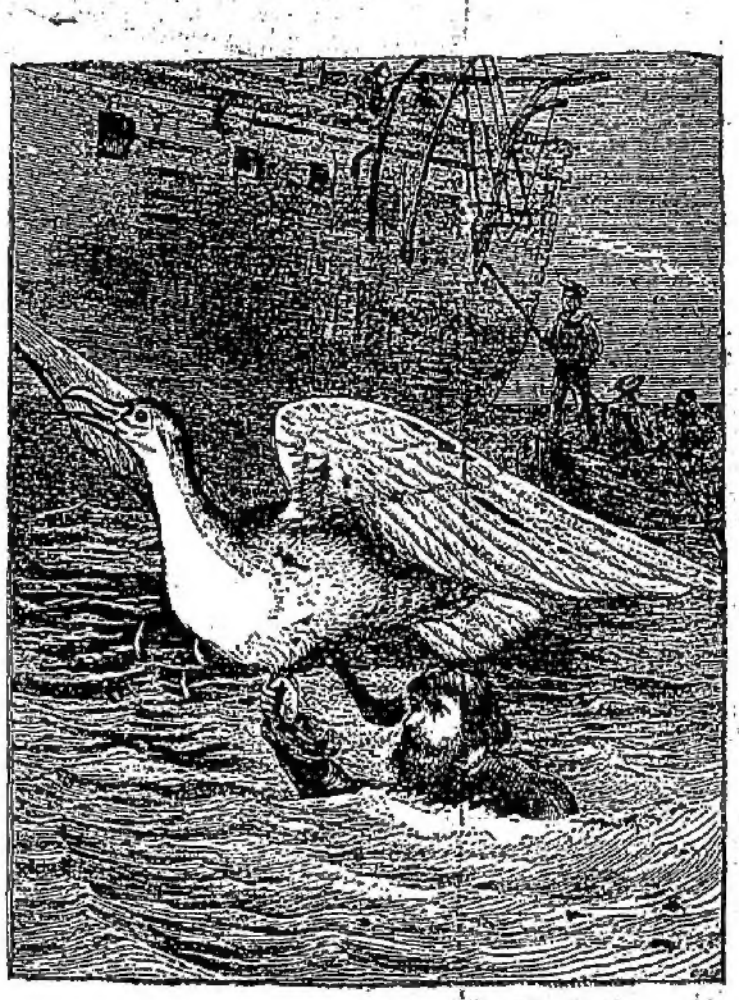
Nothing of this sort crossed Joseph's mind. Never a thought had he of his mother or of the God whom he had forgotten and offended. His one thought was of anger and desperation, with his soul on fire with pain and the shame of his punishment. In spite of the severity of the flogging he did not faint or show signs of suffering, but when the hundredth lash was given and he was let loose, he uttered a piercing shriek, like the yell of a wounded beast, and, rushing to the side of the ship, leaped into the waves.

The captain was a humane man. He had pitied the poor fellow, while deeming it necessary to maintain discipline after the cruel method of those times. But now, when his life was in peril, he gave instant orders to put about the ship and lowered a boat for his rescue. However, the wind was strong; in three minutes the ship had made great headway; the huge billows threatened the frail bark; the chances of safety seemed few and very feeble.

"I watched the scene," said an officer of the ship afterwards, "through my glass, and I turned it keenly in the direction where the poor fellow ought to be seen. I could not make him out, but just at that moment I perceived a strange object, like a bird with huge wings, flapping on the surface of the water, and presently I saw part of a man appearing and disappearing close to the bird. I began to hope. As we drew nearer the hope changed to certainty. It was our poor lost man!"

This was written by the officer in a letter to his home from the Cape.

It appears that the sudden chill of the water and the sight of approaching death calmed the rage of the soldier, and, having deplored his folly, he sought pardon from God. And then, in a far-off English village



home, there was a Christian mother who day by day had never ceased to pray for her absent son, beseeching the Almighty that he might live, and not die before he had turned his soul to the Saviour. She had offered this prayer on this day as on every other to Him who is the hearer of prayer and who willeth not the death of a sinner, but that he should turn and live. Infidels make a mock of prayer and faith, but this mother prayed to God and received an answer to her prayer in the deliverance of her son from death. The albatross was the means of his rescue.

The albatross is a large bird, one of the largest of all birds of the sea. It is not uncommon in the seas near the Cape of Good Hope. Instinctively the drowning man seized the limb of the bird, and thus was kept above water till the boat reached and rescued him.

Terrified, the bird struggled to get free, but Joseph kept tight hold. It was this strange spectacle which the officer descried with his telescope and of which he gave the account in his letter. The sailors laid hold of the poor fellow and got him into the boat. He no sooner was there than, exhausted by his efforts and by the pain of his flogging, he fainted away and lost consciousness. The bird, released from the troublesome weight rose aloft with its powerful wings, and no doubt hastened to tell its companions of the strange adventure it had experienced.

The sailors would have gladly captured the bird and offered it to the captain for his table, but their attention was fixed on the unhappy man whom they had rescued. The captain, I doubt not, would have set the bird free for having saved the soldier's life.

Of the fact of the rescue nothing would have been made public but for the letter of the officer who described the scene. The wonderful story of deliverance, however was often told by Joseph in after years, and, best of all, he told how that rescue of his life had proved to him the commencement of spiritual life. "The albatross saved me," he would say; "without its succor I must have perished in the bitter waters and no one would have seen my body more. And my soul, what would have become of it? Oh, my God, I bless thy name for having sent that bird for my deliverance! My mother—I wish ever to remember her early lessons; I wish to read my Bible, I wish to pray to my Saviour and to love him who saved my soul. Oh, to think of him fastened to the accursed tree, as I was fastened to the mast, and to think of him bearing his cross to Calvary for the salvation of sinners! O Lord Jesus, I bless and praise thy name! Thou didst look on me and delivered me from the death I had deserved."

Such was the tenor of the old man's remarks when, in an English village fifty years after, he used to tell his grandchildren and his neighbors the story of the albatross. No wonder that he liked to have a specimen of the bird in his room. He used to tell the little folks about the habits of the bird, how it is inoffensive with all its majestic power, and not like the huge eagles which would destroy rather than save any defenceless prey within their reach. The old pensioner in telling the story never failed to turn the narrative into an utterance of praise and gratitude to God. His little pet, Ada, listening with her mouth and big eyes open, used to hold with her hands the neck of the great bird, and, caressing it fondly, would say, in her little gentle speech, "Good abatos, who saved the life of our grandpapa!"

God is the hearer of prayer. This rescue by an albatross was a singular and remarkable incident. But everywhere and every day there are mighty deliverances for those who are ready to sink and to perish. The resources of Providence and of grace are infinite. Great and manifold are the divine works of love and mercy to man. God is almighty; let us trust in him. Let us pray for ourselves and for those who are dear to us, and Jesus, who has so often commanded us to pray, will send, in his own way and time, deliverance and help as strong and as seasonable as was the rescue of poor Joe by the albatross.—*Sunday at Home.*

HOW TO START A MUSEUM IN A HOME.

A museum at home may be a source of constant pleasure, or the cause of perpetual annoyance. All depends upon the purpose with which it is started, and the manner in which it is managed. Before giving advice as to the best way of making such a museum permanently enjoyable, I will mention some of the most common causes of failure.

Many fail because they start their museum "just for fun." Others because they think that a museum is the same thing as a curiosity shop, and seek only those things that are quaint or rare.

A third cause of failure is the attempt to collect all sorts of things at once. You shall see crowded together on the same shelf coins, stamps, Indian relics, birds'-eggs, autographs, sharks' teeth, sand from the Mississippi, wood from the home of Walter Scott, sea-beans, and pieces of the funeral decorations in memory of Lincoln and Garfield. In this way, the mind, confused and wearied, soon loses its interest. An equally fatal error is the neglect to learn all that can be learned about each specimen. I once had a boyish craze for coin-collecting. My chief motive was to see how many I could get; to get more and rarer ones than my

friend Jack had. When Jack and I parted to go to different schools, our rivalry ceased, and with it, my numismatic zeal withered away.

In later years, while looking at the remains of my collection, I became interested in a coin of Trajan. On one side was the head of the emperor; on the reverse, the Temple of Janus, and this inscription in Latin: "The Roman people, having secured peace on land and sea, have closed Janus." Coming, then, to look at coins as a means of verifying and vivifying historical knowledge, my old enthusiasm instantly revived, and having now a reasonable footing, became permanent.

A museum should be started for the purpose of learning by personal observation, or of furnishing an opportunity for others to do so. Resolutely excluding the curiosity-shop idea, the collector should first definitely decide what kind of *museum* he will make.

To aid in this, I will indicate several distinct sort of museums, adapted to persons of different tastes.

A collection limited as to place. For example, all the different specimens that can be found in a given country, in a certain township, by the banks of some stream, or on a selected mountain. A collection limited as to time. As coins between 1776 and 1861, or specimens found between May and September. A collection limited in kind; *e.g.*, minerals, stamps, ferns, beetles, seeds, snow-crystals. Collections limited in two or more of these ways; as, for example, flowers that blossom on Mount Washington in June; the varieties of quartz that occur in your own town; the insects that visit your rosebush during one year.

Group collections, by which I mean collections of objects of the same general kind, and in connection therewith, other objects naturally grouped with them. To illustrate: suppose a tree-collection. If you begin with the chestnut, you might get a piece of the wood, showing the grain; then you would group about this specimens of the chestnut bark, leaves, flowers and fruit. You would add all the varieties of moss that grow on the tree, all insects that frequent and injure it, perhaps sketch of the entire tree, and whatever else you might conceive to be logically connected with it.

Another variety of group-collection shows the various stages in the manufacture of common substances. Beginning with the cotton-ball, you would have the ginned cotton, the thread, and various kinds of fabrics that are woven from it.

These must be considered merely as illustrations of the different kinds of museums that may be made. The range from the unlimited "omnium gatherum," which, I fear, is the most common, as well as the most unsatisfactory, through all degrees of limitation.

Having decided what kind of museum you will have, the question arises, how to get your specimens.

The best, because the most profitable and enjoyable method, is by personal search. The same sort of pleasure attends this plan that attends the sports of fishing and hunting; and the same qualities, keenness, caution and patience are developed. The next best plan is by a system of exchanges.

The worst plan (except stealing) is to buy your specimens. Here, however, an exception must be made if you are making a collection of manufactured articles.

For the reception of your treasures, the variety of cases is great. Let security and simplicity be chiefly sought. Boys who are not contented without showy and elaborate cases, seldom make valuable collections. It is not the boy with the fifty-dollar rod that catches the largest trout. Nearly all kinds of specimens look well set on separate blocks of wood, neatly covered with white paper. Each one thus placed has an individuality obtainable by no other plan. Insects, eggs, mosses, shells, fossils, and minerals all appear to great advantage in this way. To retain the eggs in position, set each one on a little ball of putty, and press it down gently until it forms a little socket for itself.

Cultivate neat habits. Leave no debris for mother to take care of. Allow no disagreeable odors in the room. Keep all glass brightly polished. Keep every tool in its proper place. Remove all traces of dust.

Study your specimens, and give others a chance to study them. Put up for a notice "Hands on," rather than "Hands off." Classify your collection as well as you can, but remember that classification is not the most important thing. Take your specimens one by one, and look at them, taste them, smell them, feel of them, and learn their properties by personal observation. Then draw them, in whole, and in the details of their parts.

It is a help for several to work together. Form if you can a little scientific society at home.—*Harlan H. Ballard, in Youth's Companion.*

MISS GREENE'S WAY.

BY MISS IDA M. GARDNER, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

When the bell rang for recess, Christie and Arnold presented themselves at Miss Greene's desk. With drooping heads and flushed countenances from which the smiles had not wholly departed, they managed to say, in a shame-faced manner,—

"Miss Allen sent us to you."

"Sent you to me?" asked Miss Greene, in a grave, surprised tone. Lowering her voice, she added, "For what?"

The smiles had all gone now. "For laughing in the class."

"Had Miss Allen asked you not to laugh?"

"Yes'm."

"And you refused to grant her request?"

"Yes'm." The heads were lower now.

"What would you think, boys, of a gentleman who refused to grant a lady's request, provided the request was a proper one?"

A long pause. Silence was a very effective weapon in Miss Greene's hands. She never hurried her pupils for an answer, when conscience was working within. Still, the boys knew she was waiting for an answer. At last Christie ventured to speak.

"Shouldn't think he was very gentlemanly."

"You did not think of that, I presume, when you refused to grant Miss Allen's request."

Another silence.

"Boys, I am ashamed of you!"

The little faces were very serious now. The amusing incident was forgotten. Toes squirmed in shoes in a way toes have when boys feel uncomfortable. At last Arnold looked up, with an earnest, troubled look on his dear face.

"What can we do about it, Miss Greene?"

"What ought you to do about it? What would any gentleman, who had offended a lady, do?"

After some thought, Christie answered: "He'd say, 'Scuse me.'" Arnold added, "He'd 'polergize."

"Yes, he would, and he ought to; that is, if he did not intend to offend again. If he did, it would be adding insult to injury."

"May we 'polergize to Miss Allen?"

"Certainly, you may, if you do not intend to offend her again. That is just what a gentleman would do; and I know, boys, that down deep in your hearts you mean to be gentlemen."

The quick, glad look of relief from their shame passed over both faces.

"But, boys,"—Miss Greene's voice was very impressive in those firm, low tones,—"boys, remember this: either you must govern yourselves, or I must do it for you. If you can take care of yourselves, I would so much rather you would; but if you cannot, then I must."

The lesson was not soon forgotten, and Miss Allen never again had occasion to send those boys to the principal. If ever they began to grow restless, she had only to say quietly, "Boys, must I send you to Miss Greene?"

The assistants in Miss Greene's building used to say, "I do not know how she does it, but the goodness that comes to a boy after he has been to Miss Greene always seems to come to stay."

Months after the incident described above, Arnold gave, unconsciously, the clew to Miss Greene's success with her boys. His little brother George was fractious and giving his mother much trouble. The following dialogue was reported by the mother:

"George, I wish you went to Miss Greene's school!"

"Why?"

"'Cause then you'd have to mind!"

"What'd she do to me if I didn't?"

"Do! She wouldn't do anything, but she'd make you feel as if you must!"—*American Teacher.*

To ASK QUESTIONS which some one else has framed and to receive answers which have been prepared for the pupil can hardly be called teaching.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 22.

THE PASSOVER.—EX. 12: 1-14.

COMMIT VERSES 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.—1 Cor. 5: 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We are saved by faith through the blood of the Lamb.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ex. 5: 1-23.
T. Ex. 6: 1-13, 26-30.
W. Ex. 7: 1-25.
Th. Ex. 8: 1-32.
F. Ex. 9: 1-35.
Sa. Ex. 10: 1-29.
Su. Ex. 11: 1-10, 12: 1-14.

PLACE.—The land of Goshen in Egypt. Pharaoh was at his capital, Zoan (Tanis), to the north of Goshen.

RULERS.—Thotmes II., king of Egypt, or Menephtah, *son of Rameses II.*

INTERVENING HISTORY.—After his call, Moses with his family went to Egypt. He, with Aaron, *applied to Pharaoh* to let the people go on a three days' journey into the wilderness. Pharaoh refused. Then a series of nine terrible plagues were sent upon the Egyptians, and yet they refused to let the people go. The later demand was to go entirely free, not for three days only. The object of these plagues was to make Pharaoh let the people go, and also to convince the Israelites of the power and reality of their God.

INTRODUCTION.—The plagues continued about ten months, from the middle of June till about the first of April. Nine plagues had been inflicted. The tenth and last was to be successful, and the Israelites were preparing for their journey. The Passover was celebrated on the last night of their bondage in Egypt.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

2. THIS MONTH—Abib, called also Nisan, corresponding to the last of March and the first of April. THE FIRST MONTH OF THE YEAR—it was their *birthday* as a nation—the chief era of their existence; and so they counted their years from it, as we do from the birth of Christ. 3. THE HOUSE OF THEIR FATHERS—the household, or family, including the married children and their families. 4. EVERY MAN ACCORDING TO HIS EATING—they should count how many persons would be able to consume the whole lamb, and so many join together. LAMB WITHOUT BLEMISH—perfect in all respects, as was Christ whom it typified. OF THE FIRST YEAR—when most perfect and innocent. 6. WHOLE ASSEMBLY SHALL KILL IT—not all kill one lamb, but all have lambs killed, and all join in the service. IN THE EVENING—rather, "between the evenings," toward sunset. Usually *they killed it* about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th, and ate it after sunset, when the 15th day began. 7. STRIKE THE BLOOD ON THE DOORPOSTS—in token that they accepted the sacrifice, and believed in God's protection. It was an act of faith and obedience. 8. EAT WITH BITTER HERBS—reminding them of the bitter bondage from which they were saved. Our bitter herbs are repentance and sorrow for sin. 11. LOINS GIRDED—all prepared for their journey; as we eat our passover, ready to follow Christ to his promised land. 12. WILL SMITE THE FIRSTBORN—the last plague, and most terrible, which compelled Pharaoh to let them go. AGAINST THE GODS OF EGYPT—the first-born of cattle were slain, and these were worshipped as idols. This great plague showed that the gods of Egypt were powerless against Jehovah.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Moses when God called him? What did he do. What miracles did he do before his own people and before Pharaoh? What did he ask of Pharaoh? What was sent upon the Egyptians to make them willing to let the Israelites go? How many plagues were there? How would these help the Israelites to believe in God? What was the effect on Pharaoh? How does his conduct show the difference between being sorry for punishment and being sorry for sin?

It is said ten times in this account that God hardened Pharaoh's heart, and ten times that Pharaoh hardened his own heart. How do you reconcile these statements? In what sense did God harden Pharaoh's heart? Why did God use natural means in bringing these plagues? What in the account proves them to have been miraculous? Did they strike at the Gods of Egypt?

SUBJECT: CHRIST OUR PASSOVER.

I. THE BIRTHDAY OF A NATION (vs. 1, 2).—What crisis had now come to the Israelites? What month is referred to? Corresponding to what month in our year? Why was this made the beginning of their year? From what era like it do we date? Why? What is the greatest era in any person's life? (John 3: 3, 5; 2 Cor. 5: 17.) What is the use of celebrating the anniversaries of great occasions?

II. THE PASSOVER (vs. 3-11).—What feast was now instituted? Why was it called the Passover? When was it to be celebrated? What was its chief sacrifice? What was done with it? Why must the lamb be perfect? In what respects does this lamb typify Christ? (1 Pet. 1: 19. See Golden Text.) For whose deliverance was Christ slain? From what bondage does he free us? (John 8: 34.) Describe the celebration of the Passover. Why must the lamb be eaten? What does that signify in our relation to Christ? (John 6: 52-58.) Why was the feast eaten with unleavened bread? Why with bitter herbs? Why with girded loins and staff in hand? What do these things signify in our relation to Christ? What is meant by Christ our Passover? How many days did the feast continue? (Ex. 12: 15.)

III. SAVED BY THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB (vs. 7, 12-14.)—What was done with the blood of the lamb? What was the object of this? What great event was to take place that night? Who would suffer and who would escape? Could those who refused to put the blood on their door-posts blame God for their punishment? How were those who were saved, saved by faith? By whose blood are we saved? How is it applied to our hearts? (Heb. 10: 22.) How long was this memorial to continue? What was the object of it? In what form is it continued now? In what respects is the Lord's Supper like the Passover?

What effect would the Passover have upon the nation? Was it connected with their religious training? Did they have books and histories then in common use? How would this supply their place?

LESSON IX.—MAY 29.

THE RED SEA.—EX. 14: 19-31.

COMMIT VERSES 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.—Isa. 43: 2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God's power and glory are shown in the redemption of his people.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ex. 12: 23-47.
T. Ex. 13: 6-22.
W. Ex. 14: 1-18.
Th. Ex. 14: 19-31.
F. Ex. 15: 1-22.
Sa. Ps. 77: 1-20.
Su. Isa. 43: 1-21.

TIME.—B.C. 1491. About the middle of April. (Possibly 1320.—*Brugsch.*)

PLACE.—The northern end of the Red Sea, probably near Suez.

THE PHARAOH OF THE EXODUS.—Thotmes II. in his last year, or Menephtah, son of Rameses II.

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.—At midnight while the Israelites were eating the Passover, all the first-born of the Egyptians suddenly died.

THE URGENT REQUEST TO GO.—Immediately Pharaoh sent to Moses and urged the Israelites to hasten their departure, and they went, leaving even their dough unbaked. They asked (not borrowed) jewels of silver and of gold from the Egyptians, and these were freely given. It was a partial payment for their long services.

THE RENDEZVOUS.—The Israelites started from all parts of Rameses (not a city, but the land of Goshen), and assembled at Succoth, a district to the eastward, near Lake Timsah.

THEIR NUMBERS were 600,000 men, or 2,000,000 in all.

THE ROUTE FROM EGYPT.—From Succoth they went to Etham, a district north-east of Succoth in the edge of the desert. There was a great wall, like the Chinese wall, all the way from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. There were three routes: one to the north, along the seashore, a second from Lake Timsah, a third from the head of the Red Sea across to the other arm of that sea. They were afraid of the Philistines if they took the northern route, and of the desert if they took the middle road. Therefore from Etham they turned south-west of the lakes to take the Red Sea road.

PURSUIT BY PHARAOH.—All this took several days. Pharaoh, when he saw that they had come back into Egypt, repented of letting them go, and, thinking he had caught them in a trap, set out with 600 chariots to recapture them.

THE PILLAR OF CLOUD was God's manifested presence, and was to be a lofty signal that all could see.

THE CROSSING was probably across the shoals in the Gulf of Suez. The north-east wind blew the waters off from the shoals and left the ground dry. There was water on either side, not in the perpendicular form of a wall, but a wall in the sense of defence. Pharaoh's host was in a fog, and followed, not knowing that they were going into the sea.

QUESTIONS.

SUBJECT: BEGINNING A NEW LIFE.

I. THE DEPARTURE FROM EGYPT.—What was the subject of our last lesson? At what time of the year and of the day was the Passover? What took place that night? (12: 29.) What did this lead Pharaoh to do? (12: 30-33.) What marks the haste of the departure? (12: 34, 39.) How did they obtain partial payment for their long services? (12: 35, 36.) Did they borrow or beg these gifts? To what places did they go? (12: 37; 13: 20; 14: 2.) How large was their number? (12: 37, 38.)

II. DIVINE GUIDANCE (vs. 19, 20).—In what way did God guide them? (Ex. 13: 21.) What was the need of this? Why was it different in the daytime from in the night? Who is meant by the angel of God? How was this pillar of cloud and fire a fitting symbol of God? What have we to guide us from the Egypt of sin? Why did the pillar of cloud change its place? What was it to the children of Israel? What to the Egyptians? Do God's law and nature make such a difference now between God's people and the wicked? (Rom. 8: 28; Ps. 1: 6.)

III. THE GREAT TROUBLE.—Who pursued the Israelites? (14: 5-9.) For what purpose? With what forces? (14: 6-7.) How were the Israelites entangled in the land? How did they feel when they saw the Egyptian army? (14: 10-12.) Why could they not escape around the sea? (Ans.—Because of the Great Wall defended by Egyptian soldiers.) How was their helplessness like that of those who would save themselves from their sins?

IV. THE WAY OF SALVATION OPENED (vs. 21-25).—What way of escape was opened? What natural means were used? How was the sea a wall unto them? Could natural causes alone have produced this effect? What way as wonderful is opened for our salvation? Is a person's conversion as great an event to him as this was to the Israelites? How were the Egyptians hindered? Did these lesser troubles make them repent? How does God try to turn men from the ways of sin?

V. THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WICKED (vs. 26-31).—What became of the Egyptian army? Were natural means used? What will be the end of the wicked who will not repent? What song did the Israelites sing? (Ex. 15: 1-18.) How would this event make them fear and honor Jehovah? How make them love and obey him? How unite them as a nation? How comfort them in future times of danger? Does rejoicing in our salvation make us desire more the salvation of others?

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MARTHA.

"The Master comes to-day." Like a sweet song
The words made music in the loving heart
Of the glad woman who was honored much
Above the daughters of Jerusalem,
Since Christ would be her guest. What could she do
For Him whom her soul loved? How show her sense
Of His great condescension? And how prove
Her grateful adoration? "They who love
Must likewise serve," she said; and of her best
This guest was more than worthy. So all day,
With busy eagerness, she toiled at home
To make the house more meet for Him to see.
For when He rested in the pleasant rooms,
And knew the fragrance of the fresh-culled flowers,
And took the food her own hands had prepared,
Then the dear Master would be pleased with her,
And read the story of His handmaid's love,
And say, perhaps, the word or two of praise
For which her heart was thirsting.

The swift hours
Were not half long enough for Martha's need,
There was so much to do! With trembling haste,
And words that urged her household to all tasks,
She wrought and did not stay. And hour by hour
The eyes, that looked so keenly for a fault
Among the home-arrangements, grew to be
Too bright for peace and quietness. Her cheeks
Were hot and fevered; and the throbbing head,
So anxious lest some thing should be forgotten,
Fain would have sought the rest that might not be,
And would not if it might while aught remained
To do for Jesus?

By her sister's side
Working serenely, with a tranquil face,
Was Mary, singing snatches of glad song
The while she worked, and in her eyes
A sweet expectancy, as if she heard
His step along the pathways of the world,
And listened for the near approach of Him
Who was her Lord and Saviour. "Soon He comes,"
She whispered to herself.

"Yes, all too soon,
For we shall not be ready," angrily
Her sister said. Martha was getting tired,
And she was vexed and tried by Mary's lack
Of active zeal for Jesus.

Mary laughed
In her glad joy. "He could not come too soon;
And, sister, can it matter unto Him
Whose own the world is, if our little room
Miss here and there a touch to make it fair?
He knows how we have longed to hear His voice,
And we can please Him better by our love
Than by our ministries."

"Love is not real,"
Deemed Martha, "that, content to spend itself
In looks and words, gives not its services
Even to utter weariness."

But Mary cried:
"O, Martha, He is come!" And all her face
Was lighted with the joy that filled her heart
As she went forth to meet Him. Ah! His stay
Could be but short. Not yet had come the time
When loyal hearts might have as much of Him
In fellowship of spirit as they would;
And not a moment of the precious hour
Would Mary lose; but sat beside His feet,
And with her reverent eyes she sought His face,
And with true meekness took into her soul
His every word.

Martha was still at work.
Cumbered, distracted by a host of things,
She had no leisure to enjoy and learn
As Mary had, who sat in idleness,
When so much needed doing! Easier far
The part she chose, to sit and talk to Him
And leave the self-denying part of work
To over-task her sister! Did she think
That Jesus would not see the greater love
Of her who toiled amid the heat for Him,
And thought no trouble great for His dear sake?
Ah! He would understand her! And a sneer
Settled on Martha's lips. For, presently,
Would not the Master send the idle one
Back to her duty with a sharp rebuke
That well might bring the tears to Mary's eyes?
And would He not praise Martha's vigilance,
And all she did for Him?

And yet, and yet—
The Master did not speak! Upon His face
There shone the light which was not always there,
The light of joy that answered evermore
To human love and trust; but faded out
When carelessness or hatred forced from Him
The cry of pain—"Ye will not come to Me."
He, looking down at Mary, seemed to give
His silent approbation to her love,
And Martha seeing it, and seeing, too,
Her sister's gladness, could not bear it all,
But went to Jesus, petulant, and full
Of vexed impatience.

"Lord, dost thou not care
That Mary leaves me thus to serve alone?
Bid her, therefore, to help me."

Jesus turned
His loving eyes upon the worried face,
And said in gentle tones of kind rebuke;
"Oh, Martha, Martha! anxious, troubled thou
About the many things; but only one
Is needful; Mary chooses that good part
Which none shall take away from her."

And so
For Martha and for all the Master spoke
His word of warning! Even service given
In heat and worry is not what He asks;
But the glad heart that loves to seek His face
And cares to talk with Him, has chosen that
Which is the best, and gives Him greatest joy.
—*Marianne Farningham, in Christian World.*

TO MY IRRITABLE SISTER — AN OPEN LETTER.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Yes, my dear fellow-housekeeper, I know all about it from experience. I know the eternal vigilance which is alone the price of decent cleanliness. I have fought the incessant battle with dust, and have envied those notable matrons whose windows are always brightly polished, whose floors never show speck or fluff, whose vestibules are immaculate, and whose tables are not only abundantly provided, but invariably daintily served. I knew how beautiful, in the reading, is the story of this woman or that, whose affairs move with no audible jar, and no visible friction. And I am aware, too, that it is not easy, in actual practice, to go through an ordinary domestic week, with its multiform activities, and feel neither jar nor friction. The ideal superlative transcends the positive actual with many of us, and the prettier our homes are, the harder it is, alas! to take the proper and exquisite care which our very luxuries and conveniences demand.

It came to me, the other day, as I sat in my chamber, and thought of your annoyances and my own, that perhaps the most practical way of conquering the tendency to irritability of which you complain, and which I deplore, is resolutely to refuse it expression. We are not always able to control the impetuous rush of emotion, but we can repress the hasty speech and the severe frown. We can be silent, in the first flush of injured feeling, and refrain from the sharp word, the querulous outcry, and the indignant burst, of which we are sure to repent. Have we not repented over and over of having spoken impatiently, when to do so did no good, in fact did but confuse child or servant, or vex the heart of our friend?

Apart from the repression of resentment, in look or word, we may do much toward the cultivation of a gentle and not easily perturbed temper, by using habitually a gentle quietude of tone. Shall I ever forget my friend, the sweet mistress of a Virginia manse, her health fragile, her family large, her house overflowing with guests, and her hands with cares, while the best service at her command was both imperfect and uncertain? Her presence in the book-lined study was a benediction as we gathered for family prayers, or evening chat, nor, under any provocation, was the sweet voice ever raised. So tranquil, so unhurried, when I am wearied the remembrance of her gentleness rests and soothes me still.

Very precious to my heart is Bonar's hymn:

"Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast,
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

"Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain."

When we have exhausted all our prescriptions, and tried all our remedies, dear, easily irritated sister, the one unfailing panacea awaits us. The leaves of the tree of life are forever for the healing of the nations. But we are often so slow to avail ourselves of the peace we might have for the asking; we so often buy everything else before we go to Him who never fails us when we carry our wants to his feet.

I think we instinctively run to Him in the time of calamity or disaster. Then we cannot help it. The impulse dominates us, and as the hurt child cries out for the mother-comfort, we fly to our heavenly Friend. But, the children are naughty, the chimney smokes, there are business worries, the servant leaves suddenly, the dinner is spoiled through somebody's carelessness, the baby is teething, and we are worn out, and we call all these little things; and think we must bear them alone. They are the very things in which the Lord is waiting to be our gracious helper, if we will only carry them straight to Him, to "drop the burden at his feet, and bear a song away."

I have addressed this bit of talk to you, my irritable, my discouraged, my overwrought sister. You are irritable, because you are overwrought, and your discouragement springs from the same reason. I do not know your name, but God knows it, for is it not written in the Lamb's book of life? Let us pray for each other, and let us take care to rule our spirits if we can, lest haply we be so unfortunate as to offend one of his little ones by our unkindness or sinful exasperation.—*Interior.*

IT COSTS SOMETHING.

"Tell you what, old fellow! It costs something to get married!"

"Yes, indeed, and to keep a wife costs, too! I shall remain single!"

The growing extravagance of social life, the amount it takes for woman's dress in these days, the cost of housekeeping and the numberless calls upon the purse undoubtedly deter some young men from marriage. They have their salaries—*they know just* how far they will go. If they hardly suffice for themselves, with the luxurious habits that are as much necessities to them as the young girl's furbelows and fripperies to her, how would they be able to supply the needs of two. So they flutter about at evening parties, attend on the ladies as escort when concert or lecture makes escort duty pleasant but take care, as they phrase it, not to get entangled with anyone who has not wealth of her own or in prospect. In plain words, they waste their youth and strength, suffer their hearts to grow cold and cynical because they do not wish to incur any self-denial, while they do true womanhood the disrespect of thinking that it prizes more highly ornament and jewellery than faithful affection and protecting care.

The fact is, that girls do not so greatly desire show and display as they seem to, but, where their parents are established in a certain rank of life, they are trained to regard many little things as part and parcel of existence, which they would readily lay aside if once a strong, noble sentiment of love came into their souls. "Where the true love has once bolted the door, the false love serenades in vain under the window. And the shams of life, the veneering, the mere outside gew-gaws and trinkets are nothing, absolutely nothing, to a sweet, modest, fresh-hearted girl, in comparison with her regard for her lover if he have the manliness to speak out and let her know it. The women are few and far between who do not glory in being helps and not hinderances to the men they have chosen as life companions, if they only know fully and freely the circumstances and exigencies of the position.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE PUNISHMENT LEDGER.

This is about the most remarkable title that I have seen in some time. It heads an article on the study of discipline for children. I cannot do better than copy a paragraph:

"Perhaps the following plan, which I adopted experimentally some time ago, may commend itself to some parents, even though I have no wonderful results to offer. In an old account book I have a few pages devoted to each of my children; in the part devoted to each child I note the offence under its proper date, the punishment adopted, or punishments if the first has not proved sufficient, and the results. For instance, on such a day I find that Lilly, aged four, got at the shoe-blacking bottle, soiled her own hands and the baby's frock. Punishment: no cake at luncheon. Tears, but no expressions of remorse. Twelve days after, according to the ledger, Lilly tried the polish-bottle again; this time she was compelled to wash her own hands until the last vestige of blacking had disappeared; it took her half an hour, and there is no record of a repetition of the offence. Turning to another page, I find that with Claire, aged two, the only remedy for naughtiness, until within a fortnight, has been a gentle whipping; she persisted in poking her fingers into the fly-wheel of the sewing-machine, and in getting them jammed in bureau drawers. Such mishaps as she met with seemed only to encourage her, and the only efficacious remedy noted is 'whipped'; after which there is a blank in the record for several days. Since I have begun to write this paper, however, Claire was caught poking bits of paper through the fire-screen in order to watch them burn. Her nurse found that the warning, 'No, no! no!' was not sufficient, and even whipping failed to stop it. So I put her fingers so near the hot coals that it was decidedly painful. That was some days ago, and now when Miss Claire finds a bit of paper she may look longingly at the fire, but before she gets there she stops and herself exclaims, 'No, no! no!' It is not necessary to go further into this idea. The earlier we begin to classify punishments and their results the better."

The subject is one that should call for earnest thoughtfulness on the part of parents. In the spirit of Procrustes the Stretcher, we may attempt to enforce one kind of punishment on all kinds of children, but the result will be disastrous.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A QUEER SHAPED LUMP.

A young mother while dressing a very young child, a short time ago, said, rather impatiently—

"You are such a queer shaped little lump of a thing, it is impossible to make anything fit you."

The lips of the child quivered, and looking up with tears in its eyes, it said, in a deprecating tone, "God made me."

The mother was rebuked, and the "little lump" was kissed a dozen times.

How many women there are who seem to forget that God made the human form, and that he had correct ideas of its true proportions. They are not at all willing to grow after the pattern which the Lord ordained. They cramp their feet, compress their waists, distort their bodies, ruin their health, and cut short their lives.

The apostle Paul has taught us that our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost; and who is there that has the presumption to cramp and distort and injure forms which God has made to be his temples for the indwelling of his Spirit? When once the sacredness of the human body is understood, a Christian woman will no more distort her form and ruin her health by yielding to the dictates of pride and fashion, than she would curse, or swear, or get drunk.

How many poor women are to-day mouldering in the grave, who might have been in the enjoyment of health and strength and happiness, had they thoroughly realized the truth, stated by this little child. "God made me," and tried to live in accordance with the law and will of him who formed man in his own image.—*Exchange.*

LET THE BOYS hang up their own hats and coats and put away their bats, balls, tennis rackets, school-books, etc. If they drop them in the hall or on the parlor floor, tell them, good-naturedly, that mother, nor sister, nor maid, is going to put them in their places. They are dear good fellows, and you don't mind doing it one bit; indeed you rather like it. But you must deny yourselves this pleasure. Habits are masters. You don't want your brother to live all his life under the dominion of disorderly habits. You and your mother ought to cure him.

PATIENCE A GREAT HELP.—A lady who had been prostrated by a serious accident underwent a critical surgical operation. After it was over she inquired of the surgeon how long she should have to remain in bed. "Only one day at a time," he cheerfully responded. The thought had a soothing influence upon her, and as she gave utterance to it from day to day, a feeling of resignation was engendered which did much to neutralize the effect of months of weary confinement to bed. Heroic effort often restores the mind to a healthy balance, but patience, in the true meaning of the word, is the best aid to recovery in surgical cases.

PUZZLES.

ACROSTIC.

1. A family noted for temperance principles.
2. A priest.
3. A word signifying light or fire.
4. A daughter of Herod Agrippa.
5. A word meaning to reverberate.
6. One healed of disease.

The initials and finals give the names of two patriarchs.

BIBLICAL WORD SQUARE.

A Seer, what a servant was to his master, a fruit, a prince.

MISSING MOUNTAINS.

1. If I ever visit foreign parts.
   I should like to see the famous——.
2. If I wished for scenery wild and rural
   Of course I'd seek it in the——.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

1. Hit, wit, bit, sit, pit, lit, kit.
2. Instep.
3. France.

The Family Circle.

WHY WILL YE DIE?

A great rock stands in a weary land,
And its shadows fall on the parched sand,
And it calls to the travellers passing by,
"I will shelter thee here continually."
Then why will ye die?
Oh! why will ye die?
When the sheltering rock is standing by!
Oh why! O why will ye die?

A great well lies in a weary land,
And its waters call over life's rough strand,
"That the great well is deep, with waters ripe,
Springing up into everlasting life."
Then why will ye die?
O! why will ye die?
When the great, deep well is standing by!
O why! O why will ye die?

A wide fold stands in a weary land,
And the sheep are called on every hand;
And the Shepherd no wanderer turns away,
But he changes his darkness into day.
Then why will ye die?
Oh! why will ye die?
When the great, wide fold is standing by!
Oh why! O why will ye die?

A rough cross stands near a city wall,
Where the Saviour dies out of love for all;
Where the angels still tell the message blest,
That the way is now plain to endless rest!
Then why will ye die?
O! why will ye die?
When the blood-stained cross is standing by!
O why! O why will ye die?

—*London Freeman.*

A GLIMPSE AT PERSIA.

I do not think that the boys and girls who lived in England fifty years ago were half as rich in toys and picture-books as most of my young friends are now.

Lessons, too, were not made so interesting as they are at present, when puzzle maps, and play grammars may be found on the shelves of almost every nursery bookcase.

Still there were many good schools, and though the law of England did not then, as it now does, provide a fair amount of education for every British child, yet it was beginning to be thought a disgrace, even for poor people to allow their children to grow up without knowing how to read and write. But things in Persia were far worse, there was not a single girls' schools to be found all through the country. But you ask how was that, did not the girls do lessons at home? No, for I regret to have to tell you their mothers were quite unable to teach them, being themselves very ignorant. But how did they spend their time? I will tell you. The women and girls worked in the fields or vineyards, looked after the sheep and cows, carried heavy loads, and did all kinds of rough outdoor-work.

Many of these poor people were Christians in name. They did not worship idols like the heathen, nor kneel down and say prayers before images or pictures of the Virgin Mary, or Peter, or Paul. But they had no true knowledge of God or of Christ.

For some years kind missionaries had been preaching the Gospel among them, but they had not seen much fruit of their labors A few boys had been taught in the Mission schools, but most of them after leaving school and choosing wives from among the poor neglected girls I have been telling you of, seemed to forget all they had been taught. One of the Lord's servants, feeling it was time something should be done for the girls, wrote to a friend in America asking him if he knew of a Christian lady who, from love to Christ, was willing to leave her pleasant home and all her friends, take a long journey by sea and land to Persia, and open a school, where those girls might hear of the Lord Jesus and His love.

The letter was put into the hands of

FIDELIA FISKE,

and her whole after life was her answer to it.

From first reading it, the Lord put a great desire into her heart to work for Him among the women and girls of Persia. She was quite willing to leave the happy home and go to live among strangers, but one thing stood in the way. Her mother was a widow, and Fidelia was her only child. Could she spare her much-loved daughter? Would she say, Yes, when her consent was asked? At first the thought of parting from Fidelia was a great trial, but before long she was able to smile through tears and say, "Go, my child; and may the Lord bless and keep you."

When Miss Fiske arrived in Persia, she set to work, before attempting to teach others, to learn the Persian language. Soon after she wrote to a friend in America: "I cannot tell you that I am getting on very fast, but I know a few words. The first Persian word I learnt was daughter, then I learnt the verb, 'to give;' and so I began by asking the people to give me their daughters, and I am praying that God may make them willing to let their little girls come to our school. So I hope soon to be able to tell you I am really at work among the girls of Persia."

Miss Fiske's was to be a boarding-school. The scholars were to live entirely with their teacher; only removing to their own homes for the holidays.

At last the day fixed for opening the school came. Miss Fiske, you may be sure, was ready in good time; but at nine o'clock not one girl had arrived. Miss Fiske felt very disappointed, but she just told the Lord all about it, asking Him to send her some scholars, and before long one of her friends was seen crossing the school-yard with a little girl in each hand.

Miss Fiske went out to meet them with a bright face and words of welcome for her pupils; the man who had brought them said, "Take these two girls and begin your school, let them be your daughters and teach them all it is good for women to know."

So Miss Fiske's school was begun, but before the end of the first week, six girls had been brought to her, and others soon followed.

Poor Miss Fiske, I think she must often have felt very sad and lonely during the first year of her

SCHOOL KEEPING IN PERSIA;

for her little scholars were often very naughty and trying. We must remember they had not been taught in their home to be obedient or kind to each other. Indeed, at first they hardly seemed to know how wrong it was to tell untruths or to steal, and when their kind teacher told them how displeasing to God such conduct was, they would answer "In our country everybody tells lies, and we know many that steal, why should not we?"

All this grieved Miss Fiske deeply, for she really loved her scholars, but it led her to pray much that the Holy Spirit might shine into their dark hearts, shewing them their need of a Saviour.

One morning Miss Fiske put some black pins she had brought from America, in a cushion in her room. Before evening they were all gone. Miss Fiske felt quite sure that no one but her girls had entered the room, so calling the scholars together, she told them of her loss, asking them not to add to their fault by hiding it. She then questioned them one by one. But all said they had not taken or even seen the pins and one little girl was even bold and naughty enough to say, "God knows we have not taken your pins."

Miss Fiske was much grieved, but said gently, I think God knows that you have taken the pins, now I wish all of you to kneel down while I ask God to shew me where they are. Perhaps, added the kind teacher, "God may not see it best to shew me now, but I feel sure he will some day."

Without a word the children knelt down, and Miss Fiske prayed; as she rose from prayer, it came into her mind to search for the pins in the small cloth caps, or turbans, all the girls wore. She told them her intention of doing so, when one little girl, holding her cap very tightly with both hands, cried out, "Do not look in my cap, no not in mine!"

Of course, hers was the first searched and the pins found in her cap so nicely hidden away that only their black heads could be seen.

This was the last serious case of theft in Miss Fiske's school, for after that, if a newcomer stole anything, her companions would say to her. "Run, Saetie, or run, Kera, and put that in the place you took it from, or God will tell our teacher you have stolen it."

And as the little offender always took the advice of her companions and restored the stolen property, cases of dishonesty soon became a thing unknown among Miss Fiske's scholars. The little girl who had taken the pins from her teacher's cushion was one of the first to give her young heart to the Lord Jesus, and grew up a happy Christian girl, and a great help to Miss Fiske in the school.

From the time that her pupils began to shew any real interest in the word of God, Miss Fiske was often asked to go to their homes and tell the sweet story of a Saviour's love to their mothers and elder sisters.

The mission school at Gong Tapa was a subject about which the mothers of the girls who were Miss Fiske's first scholars never seemed tired of talking.

Like the women of all Eastern lands, they went daily to the well to draw water for household use, and when they met there, or visited each other at home, one would say to her friends, "When my daughter Mohana came home for her holidays, she told me such a beautiful story about a prophet who was cast into a den of lions because he prayed to the true God. But the God whom he served took care of him, and would not suffer the lions to hurt him."

"And I," said another closely veiled woman, "visited Sache at the school; I saw her among her young companions, and I heard her singing with them the praises of Jesus. The girls are truly taught many things we their mothers do not know. They can read and sing Christian hymns, as well as sew and embroider. I almost wish I were a child again, for then I would go to school."

"Thou canst not go to the school, Salome," said an aged woman. "But why should not the teacher come to our homes? We will sit at her feet, we will hear the words of wisdom from her lips."

A murmur of "Good, good," ran through the little group of women as they turned to go to their homes. Soon a messenger was sent to invite Miss Fiske to spend her next holiday at the house of one of her pupils. A promise to do so having been given, the news spread quickly, and on the day fixed for the visit, quite a large company of women had gathered to receive her. A mat had been placed for her to sit upon (the Persians do not use chairs), and the women sat or stood on the earthern floor.

A few were anxious to hear the sweet story of a Saviour's love, but by far the greater number had been attracted only by curiosity to see Miss Fiske. As soon as she entered the room, they began to ask questions about her dress, her home and her relations. "Why do you not wear rings in your ears, or silver ornaments in your hair, as we do?" said one. "Tell us about your grandfather and your great-grandfather," cried out another. (The Persians are very fond of talking about their relations.)

Poor Miss Fiske soon found it would be impossible to answer all their questions, and that to attempt doing so would only be a waste of time; so lifting her heart to the Lord in prayer, she said to the women, "I see the customs of your country are very different to those of mine. Now as I am almost a stranger in your country, you will not be angry with me for telling you that in my country when one speaks the others remain silent.

"Now I have something to say to you about a relation of yours, and mine also; her name was Eve. Do not you think that is a pretty name? But before I can tell you her story, I want every one of you to place the fore-finger of her right hand on her lips, and keep it there until I have done speaking."

The women looked surprised, but became very quiet. Miss Fiske then told them in very simple words the story you have often read in the opening chapters of Genesis, of the creation of Adam and Eve. She then told them of the Fall, or how sin first entered the world, and of the first promise of a Saviour. (Gen. iii. 15.)

The women looked very sorry when they heard that, on account of their disobedience to the command of God, Adam and Eve had to be sent away from the garden of Eden, and one or two took their fingers from their lips as if just going to speak, but remained silent at a sign from their companions.

When the Bible lesson was over, and they were at liberty to talk, more than one said to Miss Fiske, "We did not know God was so good. Eve was the first to disobey God, and yet He said a woman should be the mother of the Saviour. Will you not come again very soon, and tell us more of these good things?"

On the next visit, Miss Fiske had a still larger number waiting to welcome her, and God richly blessed the simple gospel message she carried to the homes and hearts of these poor ignorant Persian women. Many of them became true-hearted disciples of Christ.

Some of Miss Fiske's pupils were among the first converted in her school, and they were very anxious for the salvation of their schoolfellows, speaking to them about their souls, and holding little meetings to pray with and for them.

Soon the Lord called one of His young disciples to be with Himself in Heaven. Her name was Sarah, she was received into Miss Fiske's boarding school when she was about ten years of age. She learned to read the Persian Bible (printed in Syria) very quickly, and was very fond of learning psalms and chapters, but it was not until about five months before her death that her teachers were quite sure she was really the Lord's. From the time she first confessed Christ, she grew rapidly in grace, and was a real help and comfort to her teachers.

When she became very ill, it was thought best for her to leave school, and return to her father's house. On being told so, she said, "Let me pray first." After a little time spent in prayer, she came to her teacher, and smiling through her tears, said, "I am ready to go now." She then left her much loved school, never to return to it. During the last few weeks of her life, though often in great pain, she was always bright and cheerful, and often spoke of the loving kindness of the Lord.

The last day of her life was a Lord's day. She was very weak that day. Her father, who was a preacher of the gospel, and had been asked to go and preach at a village some miles distant among the hills, noticing she seemed worse than usual, said to her, "Sarah, shall I go to preach, or shall I remain at home with you, as you are very ill to-day?" The dying girl answered brightly, "Go, dear father, preach the gospel, and I will pray for you."

Her father then set out on his long walk. Early in the afternoon Sarah became much worse, and forgetting through weakness where her father had gone, asked for him; on being reminded he was away preaching, she smiled and said, "It is well, do not send for him, I can die alone." Soon after, she expressed a wish to see Miss Fiske. Her sister was leaving the room to fetch her, when Sarah call her back, saying, "Do not go, for I remember this is the hour when Miss Fiske reads the Bible and prays with my companions. Do not disturb her, I can die alone." Half an hour later, and dear Sarah's spirit, absent from the body, was present with the Lord.

Blind Martha, as she was always called, was the next to follow. From the time of her conversion she seemed to long to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. She would often say, "I have never seen the sunshine on the flowers, but I do not mind, for soon I shall see the face of the Lord Jesus, and His face is brighter than the sunshine, and more beautiful than the flowers."

Like Sarah she was obliged to leave school on account of illness. One night she called her mother, saying, "Mother, I think it is time to get up, for I can see a great light. Is not the sun shining?" Her mother told her it was still quite dark, and asked if she felt herself worse. "No, I am not worse," she replied, "but I think I shall soon see His face." Her mother lay down again. When the morning light filled the room, she saw that God had given blind Martha the desire of her heart. She was truly asleep in Jesus.—*Little Friend.*

MUCH ATTENTION is being given in these days to the teaching of temperance in the schools. There is reason to hope that by the knowledge imparted of the effects of alcoholic stimulants upon the physical system, and especially upon the brain and nerve apparatus, a powerful impetus will be given to the cause of temperance. The next generation should be a much more sober and healthful body than the present. But how about the tobacco? Few will deny that it, while of course a lesser evil, is yet one of the vices of the day. The narcotic poison can be only less injurious than the practice is disagreeable and disgusting to those who do not use the weed. These, including the ladies, are the great majority, a fact which is too often forgotten. On which side is the influence of the schools? How many teachers in Canada are slaves of the habit?—*School Journal.*

HAPPY FELLOW.

During the war in the Soudan, a British officer lay in much suffering and dangerously wounded on a field of battle. Earlier in the day he had received a slight injury, or what he chose to deem such, in his left arm; but he had kept his seat on his horse, and not till towards the close of the decisive engagement, when victory crowned our arms, and the enemy were in full retreat, flying from the field, did the young officer receive his severer wounds, and was carried by his men to a bank a little away from the mass of dead and dying.

It was a ghastly field, for the combat had been fierce and prolonged. In a few hours the streets of London would be echoing with the shouts of newsvendors, "Glorious victory!" and few comparatively would estimate its cost, or let their mind's eye carry them to the scene after the battle. But to many it would mean desolate homes, widowed hearts, orphaned children, and weeping bereaved mothers.

A young surgeon, in answer to the call of one of his own men, came up to examine his injuries, but was waved off with the words, "Leave me for the present; go to those who are suffering more, and needing your services more urgently."

The officer's servant expressed his disappointment at his master not having allowed himself to be attended to, and received the response, "Fetch me a drink of water, Colin, that's what I long for most;" and ere very long the clear sparkling draught was at his lips, but yet untasted, when the eyes of a soldier beside him opened, and a sound between a gasp and a groan issued from the dying lips, whilst the gaze of intense longing of the hungry eyes spoke their thirst. The untasted draught was held to the parched lips and eagerly drained, and the look of gratitude, never to be forgotten, was ample compensation.

Whilst Colin was gone for a fresh sup ply the officer with his left hand and least disabled arm unhooked the soldier's tunic, and with an effort beyond his real strength managed to raise the dying head, momentarily revived by the draught of water. A hand was groping in his breast, and the officer, following the movement found a pocket Testament; but it was an expiring effort, and too late. Yet one word he heard as he bent over the face, and the dying lips formed the name of Jesus. Then the features relaxed, and pain and suffering disappeared from the countenance, and in their stead was a look of perfect peace and rest.

The young soldier, who had fought his last for his earthly sovereign, had entered into the presence of Him whose name was dearest to his gallant heart and last upon his lips. The officer's servant was once more returning with the fresh supply from the little brook, which he had sought for higher up the stream, for below it was mingling with crimson stains, and he found the dead soldier pillowed on his master's breast. There was no question now, Death had claimed his victim, and two dragoons coming up and kneeling down, were about to remove the body, which pressed on the wounded officer.

"Stay, Colin, sever a lock of his hair first. He may have a mother;" and the nutbrown curl was laid in the Testament, and placed in the officer's pocket by his direction. The scene was enough to touch a harder heart than that on which the young soldier had breathed his last, which was strangely softened by the events of the last week; for in the earlier days of it he had tended many a wounded and dying man as he walked over the field at evening after the morning's engagement.

Ever and anon his thoughts recurred to the dying face of the youth, seemingly about his own age, not one of his own regiment, but an infantry soldier, whose last moments he had striven to soothe, and the look of calm peace, nay, he thought, even more, of joy, as with that name on his lips he breathed out his life. A grand reality it must be, to bring joy in such a scene. A longing to have learned more at those lips, sealed in death, came over him—"happy fellow!"

And he recalled the words, so familiar from their frequent use in the opening sentences of the Church service, which as a soldier he attended on duty each Sunday, "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son."

Then memory again brought to him, "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified;" and they became prayers. Jesus was the happy resting-place of the young soldier; but how could that hiding-place be reached? And there and then, as taught by the Holy Spirit, the young officer surrendered himself to the Captain of his salvation, and in after life he proved himself a true soldier of the cross by a faithful and devoted life of obedience and truth.—*Friendly Greeting.*

VIOLET'S OLD SHOES.

BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

"O mamma!" exclaimed Violet, as she ran into her mother's *room* just before breakfast one beautiful Sunday morning in the beginning of winter, "my new shoes which came home after I was abed and, asleep last night are ever so much too small and I cannot possibly wear them! Why, they are just a nice fit for Laura!"

Laura was her sister, two years younger, and much smaller.

"Then we shall have to give them to her,—she will soon need them,—and order a new pair for you. I fear that I must have told the shoemaker to send her size, instead of yours," replied Mrs. Ramsey.

"But that will not help me any now. Just look at these old ones; they are not only patched, but really broken in one or two more places. I can't possibly wear them to church or Sunday-school. Just fancy such shoes peeping out from under my pretty new garnet dress!" exclaimed Violet, tearfully.

"Then wear your serge school dress."

"Oh, horror! What should I look like!"

"Does God look at one's clothing?"

"No, ma'am; of course not; but one don't want to go to Sunday-school actually shabby. It will not do any harm if I stay home just this once,—will it?"

"I thought you were going to call and take those neglected Parker girls to Sunday-school to-day," was Mrs. Ramsey's apparently non-committal answer.

"I was going to; but as Rosa is eleven years old, and has never been yet, I think she can wait one more Sunday. Need I go, mamma!"

"You may do exactly as you choose, Violet; I will leave it to your own will and your own conscience."

That would have been a perfectly satisfactory answer, Violet thought, if her mamma had only left off that one last word—conscience.

She tried to persuade herself that conscience could have nothing to do with shabby clothes; but somehow there was a verse or two of the New Testament which had come into her mind: "Do ye look on things after the outward appearance?" "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

"Oh dear!" sighed Violet, after a few moments' meditation, "If I really had the 'meek and quiet spirit' which my Father prizes, I suppose I shouldn't care if the girls did stare at my shoes!"

The result was that, at Sunday-school time, Violet, in her school frock and shabby (though well-blacked) shoes, rang at Mrs. Parker's door-bell.

Rosa and Hatty Parker were the daughters of irreligious parents, who seemed to think that their poverty and distress was good excuse for scorning God, instead of a reason of fleeing to him for assistance and comfort. Rosa was in the same class at school that Violet belonged to, and, as they were both among the best pupils there, they had struck up quite a friendship.

"Good morning, girls!" said Violet, as she entered the room where all the numerous Parkers were assembled. "You see, I've come for you to go with me to-day, as you promied you would."

Rosa and Hatty exchanged glances with their parents; then their father said, rather gruffly:

"I don't know as my girls care to go among so many fine folks."

"We are not fine!" cried Violet in amazement.

"Where is the pretty new dress you were going to wear to-day?" Rosa asked, as her father said no more.

By way of reply, Violet told the truth, adding:

"When mamma leaves anything to my conscience, I am sure there must be a real right and wrong somewhere in the matter. So I came to the conclusion that God would not look at my clothes, and that to forsake my duty, just because people would criticise me, showed that my religion must be only skin-deep."

"Mamma," said Rosa, "may Hatty and I go, after all?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Parker; then, turning to Violet, she explained: "I've felt real reproached sometimes because I never sent my children to church or Sunday-school. I always went when I was Rosa's age. But we are so poor that I can't make them look as nice as other children do. Still, if they're willing to go shabby,—and if you can go in your old shoes, I'm sure they ought to,—and if you don't mind taking them, it is all right. If you had come here to-day, as Rosa said you were going to, in your silk dress and plush jacket to match, I should not have insisted on their going. Poor people are proud, and don't like to put their rags alongside of other people's finery."

When Violet got home that evening, she said:

"Mamma, if you are willing, I think I shall never wear fine clothes to Sunday-school again. Rosa and Hatty were so interested to-day! but, just think, if I had been 'dressed up' *they would not have gone* with me. Was that silly of them?"

"I don't like to judge others too harshly, Violet. The Golden Rule will make us tender even of our weaker sisters' silly or ignorant prejudices; for as Christ came to heal the sick, not the well, so must we try to teach the ignorant, not the instructed, by our words and deeds."—*S. S. Times.*

THE BLIND BOY'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A lady from New York who is a missionary in Palestine, tells of a curious Sunday-school in Cæsarea. "During the busiest season of the year, I heard it mentioned that a youth who had occasionally attended our school had gathered a few little children about him, and was teaching them to pray." After visiting this little school, she says: "An American who knew nothing of the customs of the country would expect to find a place furnished, at least, with seats and a desk, and neatly dressed children. Instead, my little guide led me into the corner of a stable. The door was low, the light dim, the air oppressive with the heat of animals. Its floor was the ground, its sides mud, its roof of earth, low, and supported by rough logs. As I entered, about twenty boys and girls, of ages from fifteen to twenty, rose to receive me. Almost all of them, the leader included, were barefoot, and some were naked to the knees. These children had done what they could to make the place ready for the service, and had found a clean cushion and pillow for me to sit on. For their leader they had arranged three or four mud bricks together with a table made from a box, according to their boyish skill. On this rested a nine-cent Armenian Testament and hymn-book, and a little bell, such as they hang round the necks of sheep. The leader was a boy named Luther, about twelve years of age, and utterly blind. The services consisted of the reading of a few verses of the third chapter of Matthew by one of the children, with questions by the leader, and explanations. Thus for about fifteen minutes his appropriate and useful questions on the verses read, and the usually correct answers, were well worthy of attention and imitation. 'I want to be an angel' was then sung by the children; and when the leader asked a very little girl to pray, she complied at once, repeating the Lord's Prayer in a childish voice, and apparently not at all awed by the spectators who had by this time gathered around. The children were all reverent and attentive. At the final touch of the bell they rose, and, making polite bows to their leader and the visitor, walked in a body quietly from the room. These children have already commenced to make missionary collections, chiefly consisting of eggs and beads of wheat. Coin is very scarce among them. One day I was going along where the carts that bring the unthreshed wheat from the fields were passing and repassing. I saw the little girl who came to bring me to the meeting busy gathering heads of wheat. On being asked why she did this, she explained that she was endeavoring to pay the debt of a very little boy whose big brother failed to bring his share of wheat."

IF A FATHER should bid a child do such and such a thing, would he answer him, "I hope to do so after awhile?" What would the father say to him if he did? What could he do but punish him for impudent disobedience? And you who put off the Lord Jesus till a more convenient season, what are you doing? Is not your procrastination flat rebellion? I cannot make anything else out of it. Do you think that God will?—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER IV.—THE VILLA LUCIA.

"Well, grannie, is she coming?—is Irene coming?"

The question was asked eagerly by a boy of nine years old, who came into the pretty sitting-room of the Villa Lucia at San Remo, with his hands full of pale lilac crocuses. "Is she coming, grannie dear?"

"Do not rush into the room before your sister, Willy. See, you have knocked the basket out of her hand."

"And all my flowers are upset, grannie," said a little plaintive voice. "Every one!"

"Pick them up, Willy; do not be so rough. Ah! look!"—for a third and very important personage now toddled into the room, having struggled down from his nurse's arms; and before any one could stop him, Baby Bob had trampled on Ella's flowers, so that scarcely one was fit to present to grannie.

Quite unrepentant, and, indeed, unheeding of the cry—"Oh! Baby Bob! what are you doing?"—Baby Bob stumped up to grannie, and deposited in her lap a very much crushed and flattened crocus, saying—

"Kiss me for it; it's for you."

"You darling," Lady Burnside said. "Thank you. The poor little flower is sadly squeezed; but it is a token of baby's love all the same."

"Now, grannie," exclaimed Willy, "I want to hear about the cousin, because, you see, I never even thought about her till the other day, and I want to be ready—what do you call it?—prepared for her."

"After all, Willy," said a grave-eyed maiden of twelve, who was lying on a couch in the window, "it won't make much difference to you what Irene is like. A rough and noisy boy like you can't expect a stranger to put up with him as we do."

"She's not a stranger," said Willy. "She is a cousin, and who knows, she may like me better than anybody. She may be a jolly girl, who isn't made of sugar and salt, like Ella?"

"I am not made of sugar and salt," pleaded Ella, who had patiently gathered up her flowers, and was answering the call of their nurse to go with Baby Bob to take off his jacket and hat.

"No, that's true," said Willy; "you are all salt and vinegar, no sugar."

"Now, grannie, as the little ones are cleared off at last, tell me about the cousin."

But Lady Burnside said gravely, "Willy, I wish you would try to please me by being more considerate and gentle to your sisters."

"Ella is so whiny piny! she is always saying 'Don't,' and 'You shan't.'"

"Not always, Willy. Do you remember how ready she was to give up her turn to you to play draughts with Constance last evening? Do you remember how kindly she helped you to find those places in the map for Mr. Martyn?"

"Yes, grannie," Willy said. "I will go and tell her I am sorry I have been so cross; but she is provoking, and you don't know how provoking."

"Well, making all allowance for that, I still think that you should never forget you are a boy and she is a little girl, and should for that very reason be gentle and forbearing, because it is a rule, which all noble-hearted people recognise, that the weak should be protected by the strong."

Willy gave his grandmother a rather rough kiss, and said—

"I'll go and stroke Ella the right way, and when I come back you will tell me about the cousin."

When Willy was gone, Constance laid down the book she had been reading, and said—

"I do not envy Irene Packingham coming here. Willy is an awful tease, and if she is a prim little thing, turned out by a boarding school, she will have a bad time of it."

"I think you are hard upon Willy, dear Constance," was the gentle reply. "He is a very high-spirited boy, very much like what your father was; and then Willy has the great disadvantage of having no brother near his own age."

"I think," said Constance, "he ought to go to school. Mr. Martyn thinks so also, I know. It is such a pity mother is so set against schools."

"There is a reason for it, and you must remember your mother's great grief."

"Poor Arthur's dying at school, you mean; but he was a very delicate boy, and Willy is as strong as a horse. I wish I were strong—half as strong! Here I lie, week after week, and my back does not get a bit better. I had the old pain this morning when I just moved to take my work from the little table;" and Constance's eyes filled with tears.

She was the eldest living child of Lady Burnside's eldest daughter, who had married a gentleman high in the Civil Service in India, and who had always lived there. As so often happens, the children could not bear the climate after a certain age, and they had been committed to their grandmother's care, who lived during the winter at San Remo, and of late years had not returned to England in the summer, but had spent the hot season in Switzerland.

The first detachment of children had been Arthur and Constance—both very delicate. Arthur had been sent to school near London, and had died there, to the great grief of his father and mother. He had caught a chill after a game of cricket, and died before any of his relations could reach him. Although no one was really to blame, poor Mrs. Montague found it hard to think so, and she lived in perfect dread of sending Willy to school, although he was a robust, vigorous boy, martyr to her brothers' teasing and boisterous mirth.

The next detachment which came to be committed to Lady Burnside's care were little Ella and Baby Bob. Mrs. Montague had brought them to San Remo herself, now more than two years before this time, and with the help of Mrs. Crawley, the old and trusted nurse, who had lived with Lady Burnside for many years, their grandmother had been able to bear the burden of responsibility. Constance had lately complained of a pain in her back, and had been condemned to lie down on an invalid couch for the greater part of the day; but Willy and the baby were as healthy as could be desired, and Ella, although not strong, had seldom anything really amiss. She was a gentle, sensitive child, and apt to take a low view of herself and everybody else. But Lady Burnside did not encourage this, and while she held Willy in check, she was too wise to let Ella look upon herself as a martyr to her brothers' teasing and boisterous mirth.

Presently Constance said—

"Is Irene like Aunt Eva, I wonder?"

"Not if I may judge by her photograph," Lady Burnside said.

"Why did not Uncle Packingham let Irene live with you, grannie, as we do?"

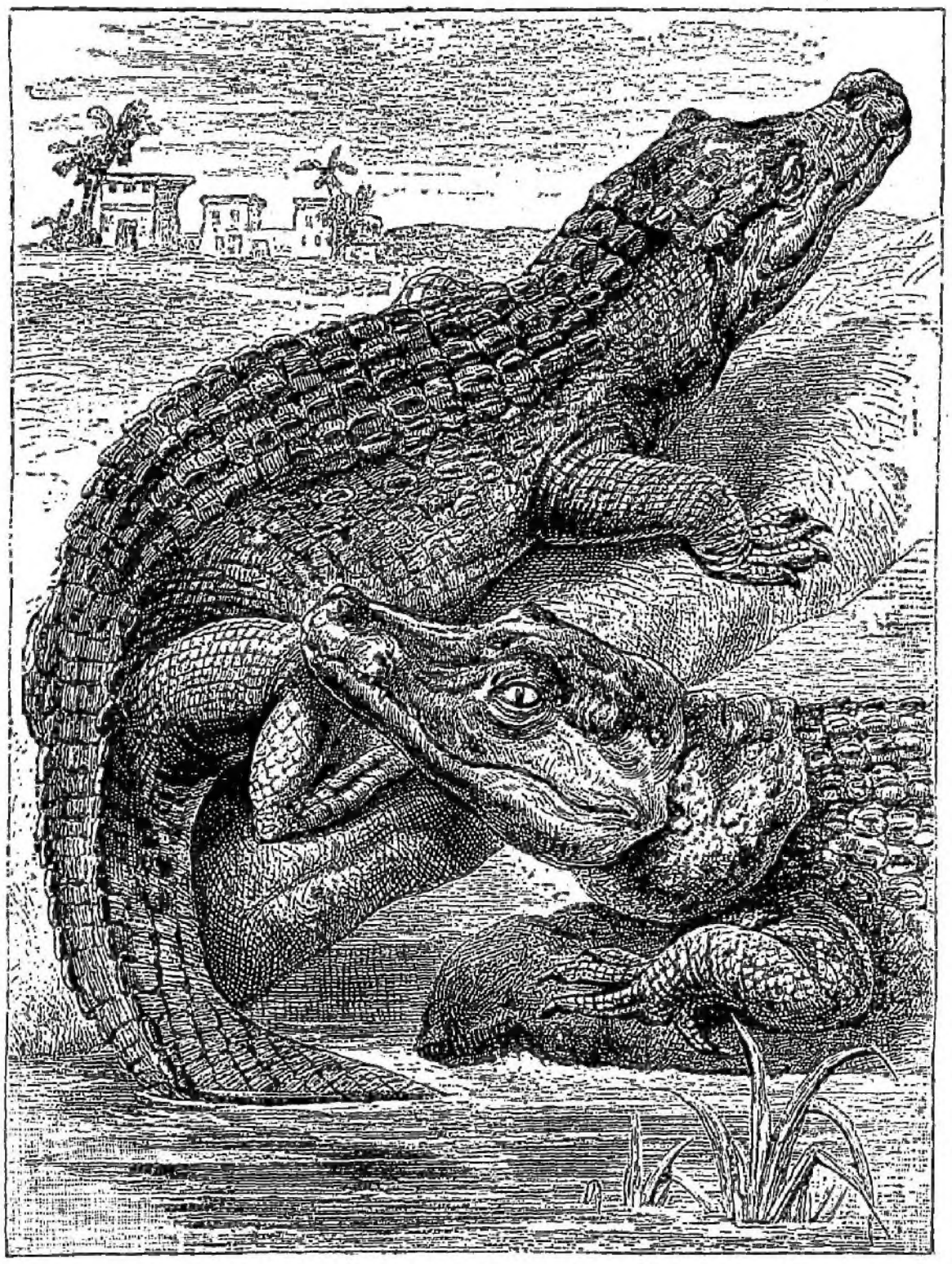
"Perhaps he thought I could hardly undertake another grandchild, and you know Irene has a second mother; and her home will be eventually with her and her little brothers when her father leaves the service."

"And our home will be with father and mother, one day," Constance said. "Not that I wish to leave you, dear grannie," Constance added. "Indeed, I often think I have the grandmotherly sort of feeling about mamma, and the motherly one about you!"

Lady Burnside laughed.

"Your mamma would be amused to hear that, I always think of her as so young and bright, and she and Aunt Eva were the light of my eyes."

(To be Continued.)



THE CROCODILE.

THE CROCODILE.

The crocodile is the largest of the lizard family. Varying in length from twenty to thirty feet, it is a most dangerous creature to meet, either upon land or water. The head is flat and horny, the eyes bright and savage-looking, the mouth armed with a single row of nearly eighty sharp, strong teeth, which make it a dreadful foe, for nothing escapes from its terrible jaws if once seized. Its strength is very great, and, by reason of the hard, horny plates which cover the body, it is very difficult to kill, for a bullet will often glance off as from striking a rock. Its tail is as dangerous as its teeth, for it can use it to knock down several men at a single stroke.

The crocodile fears nothing. As it lies basking in the sun near the banks of its favorite river, it looks more like some huge log or stone animal, being so motionless. But once in the water it is terrible to see its rapid motion as it makes a track of foam along its course.

The young of the crocodile are produced from eggs not unlike those of a goose. The female places them in a sandbank close to the riverside, and there leaves them to be hatched by the sun. Large numbers of crocodiles' eggs are destroyed by birds and other animals every year.

In the Bible this terrible animal is represented under two names. The first, leviathan, is also used for the grampus or some kind of whale (see Ps. civ. 25, 26), where the Psalmist says, "This great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships; there is that leviathan whom Thou hast made to play therein." But in the book of Job the leviathan refers to the crocodile, for we read (Job, xli. 1), 'Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? .... Will he speak soft words unto thee? .... Canst thou fill his skin with barbed (hooked) irons? .... His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal. One is so near to another that no air can come between them.... In his neck remaineth strength.... When he raiseth up himself the mighty are afraid ...Sharp stones are under him.... He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment. He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary. Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear."

The second word, dragon, also refers to both sea monsters and the crocodile.

The crocodile was greatly reverenced by the ancient Egyptians. The King of Egypt is called by God, in Ezek. xxix. 3, "The great dragon that lieth in the midst of the waters;" and in the New Testament Satan is called "The great dragon" who persecutes the Church of God, but at the last cannot prevail, for he is cast out by God.

Many wonderful escapes are recorded by travellers who have visited the haunts of the crocodile. Children are frequently carried off by these fierce animals while playing near the river banks, and men are often attacked in boats and even on land by them. The only chance of escape if pursued by a crocodile is to run in a short zig-zag form, as the animal cannot turn itself quickly by reason of its enormous length of body.—*Rev. Theodore Johnson.*

LABOR AND LIFE.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

I count not his the happiest life
To whom the fates are kind;
Who wins, but wins without the strife
That tests the noble mind.

To do is better than to be;
Faith loftier is than sight.
Our mission here is not to see,
But to bring others light.—*S. S. Times.*

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER V.—ONLY A DOG.

Irene was not particularly attractive to strangers, and the passengers who turned upon Dorothy admiring glances, and even in that foolish way some people have, exclaimed, "What a lovely child"! scarcely gave a thought to her companion.

"A plain girl," one lady said; "they cannot be sisters!"

Then one of the ladies ventured to put her hand on Nino's head, who was curled up under the rug which was tucked round both little girls' legs, with his head and ears and black nose just appearing. Nino growled, and Dorothy made a gesture as if to get a little further away.

"Oh, what a cross little doggie!" was the remark.

"He is not cross," Dorothy said, pressing Nino closer.

"Don't you think so?" the lady said, in an offended tone. "Perhaps he has learned of his mistress to be cross."

She laughed, but Dorothy did not laugh, or even smile.

"He is a spoiled little dog," said the younger of the two ladies, reaching forward to give Nino another pat.

Another growl, and this time a snap.

"Horrid little beast!" was the next exclamation. "Children ought not to be allowed to take pet dogs about with them, to the annoyance of other people."

Dorothy edged away, closer and closer to Irene, who, to Dorothy's surprise, spoke out boldly.

"Nino did not growl till you touched him," she said; "no one ought to pat strange dogs."

"My dear, your opinion was neither asked for nor wanted," was the reply. And Dorothy struggled from the rug, and hastened to call her uncle, who was talking to a gentleman.

"Uncle Crannie, do come and move our seat; there are some very rude ladies who hate Nino."

But Canon Percival was busy talking, and did not immediately listen to Dorothy. Nino had toddled off to inspect the boat, and by some means, how, no one could quite tell, had slipped over the side of the steamer, and was engulfed in the seething waves below. Irene saw what had happened, and cried out—

"Oh! Nino has fallen through that open place. Nino will be drowned."

Then poor little Dorothy, turning, saw Irene rushing to the place, and called aloud—

"Nino, Nino will be drowned! Nino, Nino, my Nino! will nobody save him? Oh, Uncle Crannie, Uncle Crannie, save him!"

"It is only a dog!" the passengers on the steamer exclaimed, some with a sigh of relief, for at first it was rumored it was a child.

"Only a dog!" and Canon Percival said that to stop the steamer and lower a boat was out of the question. They were much behind as it was, and there would be barely time to catch the train to Paris.

There was no sign of Nino, and the surging waters had closed over him. Poor Nino! Two or three fishing smacks were in sight, and almost within speaking distance, but there was no hope of saving him.

"Only a dog!" but the heart of his little mistress felt as if it would break. She rushed down into the cabin, and with a wild cry of distress, threw herself into her mother's arms.

"Nino! my Nino is drowned. Oh, Nino! Nino!"

Poor Ingleby roused herself from her sickness to comfort her darling.

"Oh, Miss Dorothy, perhaps it is all for the best; he would have been unhappy, and in the way, and——"

But Dorothy refused comfort; and by the time they were in the train—which there was a great rush to catch at Boulogne—Dorothy was exhausted with crying, and was only too glad to be tucked up on a seat near her mother, and soothed to sleep and forgetfulness of her trouble.

Irene felt very sorry for Dorothy, but she had never had a home and pets, either dogs or cats; and she could not therefore enter into the extent of Dorothy's grief. Having offered all the consolation in her power, which had been repulsed, Irene resigned herself to a book that Ingleby had given her out of her well-stocked basket, and before long she, too, was asleep.

"Perhaps we can buy another white dog in Paris," Mrs. Acheson suggested to Canon Percival.

"Oh no! that would not answer. I don't think you want any more trouble, and if poor old Nino was troublesome sometimes, a young successor would be certain to be ten times more troublesome. As a rule, dogs are unwelcome visitors in other people's houses, and Lady Burnside may dislike the race. I am sorry for Dorothy's trouble, and for the poor little creature's end, but, as Ingleby says, there are worse sorrows than the loss of a dog."

"I suppose he was drowned at once," Mrs. Acheson said; "I do hope he did not struggle long for life."

"He was probably sucked under the steamer, and it would be over directly, let us hope," Then Canon Percival pulled his travelling-cap over his eyes, and was soon wrapt in profound slumber.

When the party arrived at Paris at Meurice's Hotel, Dorothy's tears broke forth afresh, and she had to be conveyed to her room by poor Ingleby, followed by Irene, who carried Miss Belinda and a number of other miscellaneous articles.

Mrs. Acheson, tired and worn out, was forbidden by Canon Percival to go to Dorothy, and again and again did Mrs. Acheson wish that she had followed her brother's advice, and left poor Nino at home.

It was not till the two children were left together, after partaking of crescent-shaped rolls and coffee, that Irene ventured to say anything to Dorothy.

"Don't cry any more, Dorothy; it makes other people so unhappy, and," said Irene, wisely, "it won't bring Nino back!"

"I know that! I know that! What do you tell me that for? Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Well," Irene said, "I want to tell you anything which will make you try to stop crying."

"That won't," said Dorothy, crossly; "you never, never had a dog; how should you know what I feel?"

"I am not thinking so much about what you feel," Irene said, with refreshing frankness; "I am thinking of your mamma, and how vexed and grieved she is about you."

At this moment a door from another room opened, and rattling a big bunch of keys, a pretty, bright *femme de chambre* came in.

"Ah!" she said, in her broken English, "Ah! what pains little ma'm'selle? Is she ill? Does she want a doctor?"

"No," Irene said: "her favorite little dog was drowned as we crossed the sea. He fell over the edge of the steamer, and we never saw him again."

"Ah! but that is sad; but oh! dear *petite*," the kind woman said, going up to Dorothy, "think what grief my poor mother has, for my little brother Antoine fell into the river when all the flowers were coming out in May, and was dragged out cold and dead. Ah! but that was grief"

"How old was he?" Dorothy said.

"Five year old, ma'm'selle, and as lovely as an angel."

"What did your mother do?" Irene asked; "your poor mother!"

"She comforted my poor father, for it was when cutting the rushes with him that Antoine fell into the water. She dried her eyes, and tried to be cheerful for his, my father's sake. The pain at her poor heart was terrible, terrible, but she said to me, 'Jeanette, I must hide the pain for the sake of the dear father. I only tell it to God.'"

Both the children listened to Jeanette's story with keen interest, and Irene asked—

"How is your poor mother now?"

"She is calm, she is quiet; she does her work for them all, and her face has a look of peace. M. le Cure says it is the peace that comes of bearing sorrow, as the Lord Jesus bore the cross, and that is the way for us all; little and young, or old, it is the same. But I must go; there is so much work, night and day, day and night. See, dear litttle ma'm'selle"—and Jeanette foraged in the deep pocket of her white apron—"here are some bon-bons, chocolate of the best; see, all shining like silver."

She laid some round chocolate balls, covered with silver paper, in Dorothy's hand, and said—

"Try to sleep away your sorrow, ma'm'selle, and wake fresh and happy for madame's sake."

"Every one tells me that," said Dorothy, "except mother. She does not tell me I don't care for her; she does not tell me to be happy for her sake. As if I could—could—forget my Nino."

"No one thinks you can forget him," Irene said; "but if crying makes you ill, and makes your mamma miserable, you should try to stop."

Dorothy began to taste the excellence of Jeanette's chocolate, and offered some to Irene, saying—

"That was a pretty story of Jeanette's about her poor little brother. Didn't you think so, Irene?"

"Yes," Irene said, thoughtfully; "I hope God will comfort Antoine's poor father."

"It's the mother that cared the most—it was the mother who was so miserable."

"Ah! but it was the father who let the little boy slip into the water; it was a thousand times worse for him," Irene said.

(To be Continued.)

"OH, WHAT A CROSS LITTLE DOGGIE!"

SOMETHING IN COMMON.

"One language and one speech."

One came from the far-off South Sea Island, the other from the country of the Ganges; of different races, speaking different languages, with customs and habits of life quite unlike; what had these two in common? how might they communicate their thoughts to each other? They met upon the deck of a missionary ship, strangers, yet they had a common interest. The question was, How to express it? Both had learned of Christ and his love through the missionaries, and when one pointed to his Bible the other responded by holding up his own. Then they shook hands; it was a hand-shaking full of meaning. It meant that their hearts were one in Christ. Then they smiled in each other's faces. That seemed the end of their exchange of thought. No; suddenly the Hindoo exclaimed, "Hallelujah!"

The New Zealander shouted back, "Amen!"

These two words of another language than their own each had engrafted upon his native dialect even as they had taken the love of Jesus into their hearts. And thus Christian heart could hold communion with another Christian heart.—*Pansy.*

COUNT WILLIAM BISMARCK, the Chancellor's youngest son and deputy-governor of Hanau, recently reminded the younger school teachers of his district of their duty to stay away from saloons and to quit card-playing. The young gentlemen took offence and told him to mind his business, but he answered them, that he was minding it exactly.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

THE OLD TESTAMENT.

In GENESIS the world was made by God's creative hand,
In EXODUS the Hebrews march'd to gain the Promised Land.
LEVITICUS contains the law holy, and just, and good.
NUMBERS records the tribes enrolled—All sons of Abraham's blood.
MOSES, in DEUTERONOMY, recounts God's mighty deeds.
Brave JOSHUA into Canaan's Lands the host of Israel leads,
In JUDGES their rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite.
But RUTH records the faith of one well pleasing in His sight.
In First and Second SAMUEL of Jesse's son we read.
Ten Tribes in First and Second KINGS revolted from his seed.
The First and Second CHRONICLES see Judah captive made;
But EZRA leads a remnant back by princely Cyrus' aid.
The city walls of Zion NEHEMIAH builds again;
While ESTHER saves her people from plots of wicked men.
In JOB we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod,
And DAVID'S PSALMS are precious songs to every child of God.
The PROVERBS like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear.
ECCLESIASTES teaches man how vain are all things here.
The mystic SONG OF SOLOMON exalts sweet Sharon's Rose,
Whilst Christ the Saviour and the King the "rapt ISAIAH" shows.
The warning JEREMIAH, Apostate Israel scorns;
His plaintive LAMENTATIONS their awful downfall mourns.
EZEKIEL tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries;
Whilst kings and empires yet to come, DANIEL in vision sees.
Of judgment and of mercy, HOSEA loves to tell.
JOEL describes the blessed days when God with man shall dwell.
Among Tekoa's herdsmen AMOS received his call,
Whilst OBADIAH prophesies of Edom's final fall.
JONAH enshrines a wondrous type of Christ our risen Lord.
MICAH pronounces Judah lost—lost but again restored.
NAHUM declares on Nineveh just judgment shall be poured.
A view of Chaldea's coming doom HABAKKUK'S visions give;
Next ZEPHANIAH warns the Jews to turn, repent and live.
HAGGAI wrote to those who saw the temple built again,
And ZECHARIAH prophesied of Christ's triumphant reign.
MALACHI was the last who touched the high prophetic chord;
Its final notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

MATTHEW and MARK, and LUKE and JOHN, the Holy Gospels wrote,
Describing how the Saviour died—his life—and all he taught,
ACTS proves how God the Apostles own'd with signs in every place.
St. Paul in ROMANS teaches us how man is sav'd by grace.
The Apostle in CORINTHIANS, instructs, exhorts, reproves,
GALATIANS shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves.
EPHESIANS and PHILIPPIANS tell who Christians ought to be;
COLOSSIANS bids us live to God and for eternity,
In THESSALONIANS we are taught the Lord will come from Heaven.
In TIMOTHY and TITUS a Bishop's rule is given.
PHILEMON marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know.
HEBREWS reveals the Gospel prefigured by the Law.
JAMES teaches, without holiness faith is but vain and dead.
ST. PETER points the narrow way in which the Saints are led.
JOHN in his three Epistles, on love delights to dwell.
ST. JUDE gives awful warning of judgment, wrath and hell.
The REVELATION prophesies of that tremendous day
When CHRIST, and CHRIST alone shall be the trembling sinner's stay.

—*Selected.*

WISER THAN MAN.

Not very long ago I was staying at the house of some people I knew who possessed a large black dog, something of the mastiff breed, who was a great pet with every member of the family. At dinner time he would frequently be given drink from a goblet of glass which was taken in for the purpose. It was generally water that was given him, and sometimes a little beer, which he would drink, but on one occasion the family were away from home, and one of those who were left in charge of the house was having some spirits from one of the goblets. In a bit of fun she placed the glass on the floor to the dog, who seemed to relish the gin, which was well sweetened, and drank it all up. She was so amused at the idea of the gin-drinking dog, that she gave him a little more, which had the effect of making him intoxicated, and I shall never forget the ludicrous antics of the dog. He rolled about from side to side, and was quite unable to stand on his legs. He finally rolled down a steep bank at the side of the house, where he lay an inert mass until the fumes of the liquor had been slept off. As he walked into the house blear-eyed and heavy looking, with just the appearance of a toper, it occurred to the mind of the one who gave him the drink to try if he were like many human beings who, with aching head and weary limbs, will still fly again to the cause of their pain. She therefore placed a glass on the floor before the dog, who showed his superior sense by running away, and on her persisting in putting it under his nose growled at her, and on her still persisting in offering him the obnoxious stuff, as he thought, although the glass was empty, he snapped at her, and got under a large table where he continued to eye her with distrust as the cause of his suffering, and never again by any means could he be persuaded to drink anything out of a glass of any description. What a lesson of wisdom this poor dumb animal teaches to many of the superior creatures called men! Indeed, he sets a noble example to us all to avoid the things that do us harm, when we know the danger of meddling with them. Let us, like the dog, turn away our heads with a firm resolve not to touch them.—*British Workman.*

WHICH IS BEST?

Which is the best, beer or water! What say you, little folks? A glass of water costs nothing, but the beer costs money. We want you to study up about beer, for it is a very deceitful drink, is extensively used, and you ought to have your eyes opened. There are many things to be said against it, and many reasons given in its favor by those who daily drink it. We will give you one reason now, just enough to expose the idea that beer is a strengthening drink. Let us tell you first that people would not drink it if it were not for the alcohol in it. To be sure, there is not so much as there is in other drinks, but enough to create a desire for more, and so one glass generally has to be followed by another. Now, what is lager-beer? We will take the answer from Miss Coltman's "Catechism on Beer," which, by the way, is an excellent little pamphlet, and we wish every girl and boy would get a copy, and learn thoroughly all its lessons. *What is lager-beer?* The catechism says:

"Beer that goes through its last fermentation very slowly, and stands a long time."

We might as well take other answers and questions from this same catechism:

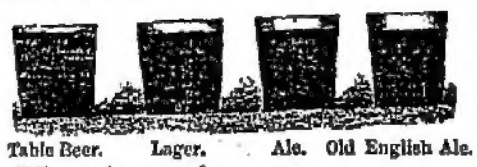


Table Beer. Lager. Ale. Old English Ale.

Whence its name?

The name comes from the German verb *lagen*, to lie or stand.

[The story of its origin is that a German family, driven from their home by war, buried for safe-keeping their most precious possession, a cask of beer, and, returning after two years, found it greatly improved as they thought in reality.]

Is it intoxicating like other beer?

It is, *just* in proportion to the alcohol it contains.

What is its proportion of alcohol?

About four or four and one-half percent.

What is the average proportion of alcohol in common beer?

About five percent.

What is table beer?

It is a beer often brewed by British families for home use. It is sometimes called "home-brewed beer."

What is Spring beer?

A favorite family beer in America, made with wild shrubs and roots, yeast, and molasses.

What is its range of alcohol?

From three to five percent.

Is there alcohol in ginger beer?

There is if it has been sweetened and fermented.

What is the strongest malt liquor?

Old English ale, which often has ten, twelve, or even fourteen percent alcohol.

The glasses we give here show the amount of alcohol in a glass of the various kinds of beer. The white space shows the proportion of alcohol in each glass.

9 oz. Alcohol. 144 oz. Water. 8 oz. Solid Matter.

A great many drink beer because they think it contains a great deal of nourishment obtained from barley; but they don't know that the grain was *spoiled* in the process, and that the greater proportion of the drink is water. These pictures of bottles show the various proportions of water, alcohol, and solid matter in a gallon of beer, which had been analyzed. The larger bottle holds one hundred and forty-four ounces of water, the next in size nine ounces of alcohol, and the smallest contains the balance, eight ounces of solid matter. Don't you think that the man who buys a gallon or a keg or even a glass of beer gets cheated? We think so.—*Temperance Banner.*

A NEW HEART.

An anecdote was published, many years ago, concerning the Indian chief Teedyuscung, King of the Delawares. "One evening he was sitting at the fireside of a friend. Both of them were silently looking at the fire, indulging their own reflections. At length the silence was broken by the friend, who said, 'I will tell thee what I have been thinking of. I have been thinking of a rule delivered by the author of the Christian religion, which, from its excellence, we call the 'Golden Rule.'"

"'Stop,' said Teedyuscung, 'don't praise it to me, but rather tell me what it is, and let me think for myself. I do not wish you to tell me of its excellence; tell me what it is.'

"'It is for one man to do to another as he would have the other do to him.'

"'That's impossible; it cannot be done,' Teedyuscung immediately replied. Silence again ensued. Teedyuscung lighted his pipe and walked about the room. In about a quarter of an hour he came to his friend with a smiling countenance, and taking the pipe from his mouth, said, 'Brother, I have been thoughtful of what you told me. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a new heart, he could do as you say, but not else.' Thus the Indian found the only means by which man can fulfil his social duties."—*S. Allison.*

THE MISSIONARY'S MOTHER.

Dr. Thoburn, in his "Missionary apprenticeship," tells how his mother received the proposal that he go as a missionary to India: "My widowed mother was beginning to feel the infirmities of age, and every one assured me that her consent to my going could never be obtained. I had anticipated as much, and was not surprised when told that she had said she never could consent to let me go. But when God undertakes to open one's way, he can fully accomplish the task. When I began to talk the matter over with her, she spoke to me, in substance, as follows: 'I crossed the ocean in the hope of finding a home around which all my children might be gathered, and at first I felt that I could not consent to let you go to the other side of the globe to spend all your days. But some days before your letter came, God began to prepare me for a great trial. Each night as I lay down to sleep a strange peace would fill my heart, and I would become so happy that I could hardly restrain myself. Something made me understand that the meaning of this was that God was preparing me for a great trial, and on every occasion I had a clear impression that in some way the trial would be connected with you. I understand it all now. I feel as if I could not bid you go, but I cannot bid you stay. It is of God, and I cannot doubt it.'"—*The Advocate.*

Question Corner.—No. 9.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. At what city when Paul landed was he given liberty to visit his friends?
2. What city brings to our remembrance the scene of the most pathetic incident of St. Paul's life?
3. In what place was Paul preaching on the occasion of the restoration of Eutuchus to life?
4. In what city did Paul dwell for two years "in his own hired house?"

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 6.

1. Berea. Acts 17: 10, 11.
2. Iconium. Acts 13: 50.
3. Lystra. Acts 14: 19.
4. Joppa. Acts 9: 36.
5. Tarsus. Acts 9: 11.
6. Thessalonica. Acts 17: 5.
7. Tyre. Acts 21: 3-5.

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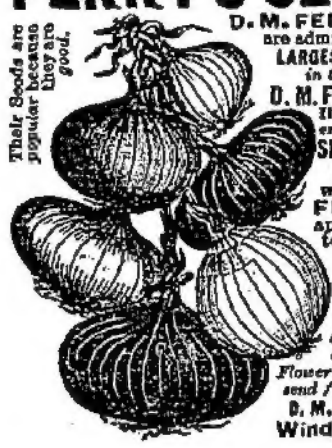
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